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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XVI SEPTEMBER 1945 No. 9

WHAT PRICE RACIAL HATE?

[Few themes are of more pressing urgency than that discussed here by **Paul Eldridge,** author of *My First 2000 Years* and *One Man Show.* Absolute equality among human beings, except in ultimate potentialities, there can never be. Mental and moral differences are real, however temporary. But these distinctions do not follow racial lines or any other of the superficial lines of cleavage set up, to man's undoing, between man and man. Even-handed justice has to recognise *all* men as brothers and act accordingly. And that means, in redressing ancient wrongs, avoiding new injustices to other groups, which would but sow the seeds of bitterness and future strife. If Gentiles, for example, recognise and treat the Jews as brothers, the latter will require no sanctuary on territories which would have to be taken away from others to be given to them! What is true of Jews is equally true of Negroes in the U.S.A. If the next great world-strife is to be avoided the principle of *Universal* Brotherhood must be applied *in actu* and not receive only lip-service.—ED.]

By what bizarre impertinence does one man claim mastery over another? Is he born by different means? Does he breathe, feed, sleep differently? Has he discovered the elixir of eternal youth and eternal escape from pain? Can he avoid death?

By what strange aberration from logic does he proclaim that the pigmentation of his skin gives him the right to trample upon those whose skins are variously tinted, or whose noses or lips or eyes are differently shaped?

By what colossal hypocrisy does he interpret the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, which he proclaims from all his altars, to mean that only *his* faith, only *his* dogmas, only *his* prayers are acceptable to the Divine Spirit, and that therefore he has the right to destroy all other temples and to trample upon all other worshippers?

What race, what nation, has received the mandate from Nature to announce itself the superior nation, the superior race? And by what monstrous philology has it

come to interpret superiority not as privilege to serve, but as freedom to crush?

Nature is the eternal democrat. She mocks and confounds and despises the snob. The sun enters the pariah's hut and squats alongside of him. The rain washes all faces, of all colours, those shrunken with hunger and those plethoric with satiety. The wind reddens all noses, the disdainful and the pinched, and whistles into all ears. In the bowels of the Earth all flesh turns to water and all bones are ground and mingled together, and empires sleep tier upon tier in their common shroud of dust.

What fool trumpets his vanity? What nation is great without being humble?

At the core of man is the clamorous urge for happiness—the integration of his emotions and thoughts—the weaving of his multitudinous disparate threads into a meaningful pattern. As with a man, so with a nation. Indeed, the happiness of the one is contingent upon the happiness of the other. In a happy nation the individual cannot escape its radiation, as he cannot escape the radiation of the sun. It penetrates him whatever his personal condition may be. It warms him and soothes him and brings him a message of hope. It lends dignity to his sorrows, for happiness is not merely exultation but understanding and sharing and partaking.

In an unhappy nation, the happiness of the individual is a mere *tour de force*, a gesture of bravado, a fling of defiance. Withal, it is as fragile and ephemeral as a leaf which challenges the winds in late autumn. Sooner or later it is engulfed by the unhappiness of the multitude.

The happiness of a tyrant, who like some vile vampire feeds upon the unhappiness of his nation, feeds upon poisoned carrion and dies of it.

Like peace, like truth, like justice, happiness must be indivisible or it will have neither validity nor permanence.

In the days when nations could raise stone walls and lower iron gates, happiness could, for a period at least, be localized. But even then, the truncated world demanded reunion and hammered and rapped until the iron of the gates bent and fell and the stone of the walls crumbled into dusty heaps.

But the Earth no longer has any boundaries save the horizon. Seas are leisurely back-roads and, in the air, sound has become the tortoise in the race with man's winged things. The Earth is so sensitised by the myriad wires wound around it and woven into it that, touch any spot, however lightly, and all of it vibrates in response instantaneously.

As nations merge into nations physically, they also merge morally, and the happiness or the unhappiness of one determines the happiness or the unhappiness of the others. What infantile Cain of a nation can kill another now and shout "Am I my brother's keeper?" What infantile

Goliath of a nation now can challenge mockingly the others ? A thousand Davids are ready to hurl their stones ! Neighbours must smell each other's cooking. The wise and good invite one another to their tables ; the fools and the wicked shut their windows—and stifle.

A motionless body becomes paralyzed ; a motionless soul evaporates in malodorous fumes. The chief ingredient of happiness is motion—motion with an aim, a forward motion, a motion which shakes the dust and the dregs and replenishes itself constantly with fresher things. This motion has a name—progress.

The highway is not always asphalted, nor has it always milestones to indicate the distance traversed, nor always arrows to point to the right direction. But so long as ramparts are not built about it and barricades do not rise in front of it, the caravan can wend its way—now faster, now slower, now joyously, now painfully, now in the refulgent light of day, now in the heavy darkness of night.

But man, man's cruelest foe, does raise barricades and does build ramparts, and the motion which should be a forward motion, which should be the motion of progress, becomes a circular motion, maze into maze, a motion, which finally, in blind rage, in maniacal desperation, terminates in war. For war is the other name, the true name, of the blocking of the road of progress.

Many are the ramparts and many the barricades, but none so formidable as those of race and hate of race. They are thick and high and studded with broken glass and sharp nails and wires which burn and kill. And slow and bloody indeed is the passage of the caravan of progress encountering them.

How long shall man be his own torturer ? How many cataracts of blood must he watch rush into the river of time, how much devastation and carnage must he witness, before he accepts the law inexorable that evil flows back to swell its source and that injustice is the gibbet from which the judges swing ?

America brought a handful of frightened blacks from Africa and made them slaves. Not all the pompous chatter of all her pious pundits could erase the wrong which, like all wrongs, evil flowers of the jungle, grew luxuriantly, and the day came when America, rent in two, waged a horrible war, and the blood and the fire purified her for a while. But now, the same blacks—millions in number—once again are treated as inferior beings, badgered and dishonoured and segregated like unclean animals.

Unless America proclaims, not by futile sounds out of idle mouths, but by deep feeling in the heart and deep understanding in the mind, the absolute equality of all human beings —unless she says, and upon her honour means it, " What difference does it make that a man's skin is black or white or brown ? Each man shall be judged by himself alone, his own worth and his own demerits "—and unless she acts upon that affirma-

tion swiftly and unequivocally, it is as certain as the eternal pulsation of the seas that America shall once again wade in her own blood and be scorched by flames !

For centuries Great Britain has enslaved India—a continent—where languages were born and religions found root and blossom; where splendour and glory dazzled and art and wisdom thrived. Unless Great Britain renounces forever the ignominious slogan "the white man's burden," by which she seeks to prove that India is incapable of ruling herself; unless she ceases to promulgate the evil lie that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," by which she salves her conscience for the dissensions she causes and the injustices, her own shores shall surely be ravaged by dissensions and injustices, for they are as contagious as and spread like cholera and the bubonic plague.

And unless most of the nations of the Western world, small and great, cease to hound and torment another ancient people because it cherishes its own faith and will not forget its magnificent and tragic history; and unless the gates to its home in Palestine are thrown open, the scourge of war shall again whip the Earth—perhaps even before the débris of the present war has been cleared and the stench of the holocaust has disappeared. For they who ride upon scapegoats ride into the fire.

And so with every injustice and every tyranny perpetrated by race against race anywhere upon the globe. Pyramidal is the cost of hate.

Man—*qua* man—lives less by bread than by morality, and in proportion to his adherence to morality, he progresses and is happy. Inevitable as the laws of nature are the laws of morality, and as implacable. Indeed, they are identical, viewed from different angles. And as the first law of nature is that there are no favourites—no master tree and no slave shrub, no master beast and no slave insect, no hierarchy of flesh and fin and feather—but that each one is perfect unto itself, so the first law of morality is that there are no higher or lower races among men, that the differences between them are trivial and superficial, and that indeed, there is but one race—the *human* race.

In the earliest recorded documents one already catches glimpses of this groping toward the universality of man. Even while man still devoured man, tribes made alliances with other tribes, and as they pledged eternal fidelity by drinking of one another's blood, they unconsciously proclaimed that all blood flowed from one vast heart and was living food for all veins.

With each step forward man became more and more aware of this phenomenon and prophets and philosophers and poets from all corners of the earth expounded and exhorted and sang the mystic oneness of all men of all races.

In modern times, science with her cold and impartial eye looked

through the lens and watched the phials, and brought the ultimate and inalterable verdict: "All men are created equal and no race is the master race."

After long and terrifying ages of famine and plague and ignorance more perilous than plague, man, saved from annihilation by a fluke, has acquired at last the means whereby he can fill permanently his bins and reservoirs and kill the germs that once decimated humanity, while ignorance, relentlessly pursued by knowledge, flees from one domain to another in futile hope of respite.

Now the highway of progress has no dead end. Now it traverses the entire globe from horizon to horizon. Now each milestone is a monument to inventions and discoveries beyond all the dreams and the visions of the centuries.

But man sits on the curbstone and weeps. He curses all the inventions and all the discoveries, for what have they been to him but demons of destruction and murder? What have they brought him but famine and plague?

Still, by some incredible miracle, man is about to have one more chance—but the very last. Now it is between life and death. Will he allow his morbid vanity to block his path again, to drive him into the maze which has no exit? Will he once more permit the cancer of hate—colour against colour—race against race—religion against religion—to flourish and devour the Earth? That is the burning question! Politics, economics, war, peace, security—all hinge upon it. Race hatred is both the dynamite and the flame. Here the tyrant feeds on pasture ever fresh; here the frustrated failure finds rank and significance; here the disgruntled discovers the balm of consolation. The devil's manna this, offering, to those who partake of it, whatever taste they desire. And all who taste of it, go mad.

What price racial hate?

PAUL ELDRIDGE

WEAPONLESS WAR

THE TECHNIQUE OF SATYAGRAHA

[Many of our readers will remember **Shrimati Lila Ray's** illuminating analysis in our October 1944 issue of what is implicit in Gandhiji's spinning-wheel. She writes here on a subject of even wider and more timeless implications.—ED.]

If the idea of countering evil with good, violence with gentleness, cruelty with harmlessness, is as old as human thought, Satyagraha, or the technique of its application to conflicts on a large scale, is new. Tolstoy, Thoreau, Ruskin and Marx himself are chief among the modern thinkers who have contributed to it. The ideals of the nineteenth century find in it their logical conclusion and the practical atmosphere of the twentieth has made possible its ripening into a successful method of resolving our difficulties through the agency of the best in us instead of the worst. Satyagraha, though considered by some to be medieval in its implications, could not have been given practical form in an age less concerned with the economic welfare of mankind. It is the product of the same tendency in human affairs that has given us modern nursery education, preventive medicine and prison reform.

Mahatma Gandhi declares that Satyagraha embodies a general principle capable of universal application. It has been codified in the Ten Commandments, in the Golden Rule, in the teachings of Buddha, Mahavira and many others. Marcus Aurelius has called it benevolence :—

> Consider that benevolence is invincible, if it be genuine, and not an affected smile or acting a part. For what will the most violent man do to thee, if thou continuest to be of a benevolent disposition towards him, and if, as opportunity offers, thou...show him with gentle tact and by general principles that...even bees do not as he does, nor any animals which are formed by nature to be gregarious.

Further he writes : " The wrong-doer has done thee no harm, for he has not made thy ruling faculty worse than it was before. " And he adds that the best way of avenging oneself is not to become like the wrong-doer. Did the Roman Emperor learn these things from the civil resisters who practised Satyagraha in his own reign, the Christian martyrs ?

It is now, though it has not always been, the accepted behaviour in and out of the drawing-room. A time was when a man was obliged to fight any other of his rank and sex he happened to meet on the road and so was compelled to go about clad in heavy armour. Life-blood

has been habitually spilt at the drop of a glove. A sword could be hung by a hair over the head of a guest. That such days are happily past confirms our faith in human progress and gives us hope of a future when the barbarities of national behaviour also will have succumbed to the reasonableness of more gentle manners.

Satyagraha means simply being considerate. It begins not with the aggressive assertion of one's own rights, whether national or individual, but with the correct and generous recognition of the rights of one's neighbours. Not to recognise the legitimate aspirations of any section of the human race is storing up tribulation and terror for our children. To acknowledge Satyagraha as the law of association is to acknowledge the law of life, for human beings cannot live in utter isolation from each other. It follows, there can be no unjust rights. The opponent is not to be regarded as an enemy any more than an opponent at the bridge table or on the playground. He is merely a friend who is compelled to act in accordance with his perceptions, as we all are, no matter how restricted these may be for the time being. Every care is taken to give him opportunity and encouragement in the direction of just and right action. Incitement to do wrong through provocative speech or behaviour is avoided. Impeccable courtesy in speech and manner and thought can provide a basis of unity for apparently the most irreconcilable stand-points, a basis for the trust that begets trust. Without it successful negotiation is impossible and, in the technique of Satyagraha, negotiation preferably precedes action. It must not be the fault of the satyagrahi or non-violent soldier if the stage of negotiation is never reached. A sincere desire to negotiate and a readiness to agree with the opponent, if only to agree to disagree, are an indispensable part of his equipment. For in Satyagraha conversion born of persuasion replaces coercion and if the conversion is to be voluntary, as it must be to be genuine, frequent personal contacts are helpful.

The ideal of modern medical practice is the eradication of disease through the provision of an environment unfavourable to its incidence and spread. The ideal of Satyagraha is the eradication of violence through the provision of a moral atmosphere inimical to its use. For, even as the best doctors, educationists, psychologists and prison superintendents have long since realised that to use force as a method of settling anything invariably does the opposite and have accordingly altered their approach to the problems in their particular fields, so the satyagrahis are striving to alter the means by which political, social and national differences have hitherto been kept perpetually in ferment and to create an atmosphere in which real and lasting settlements are possible, settlements that will furnish irrefutable evidence that man can

act and has once more acted nobly and justly. The failure of the coercive method in these four spheres has never been more obvious to sensitive observers than it is today. It hardly needs underlining. Writes Professor Whitehead in his *Science and the Modern World*:—

> In the history of the world, the prize has not gone to those species which specialised in methods of violence or even in defensive armour....There is something in the ready use of force which defeats its own object. Its main defect is that it bars co-operation.

That is why it is easier to conquer than to rule for, as Laski says, violence and freedom are contradictory terms. The unconditional surrender of the vanquished solves nothing unless his freedom be restored to him. Without freedom there can be no co-operation and without co-operation nothing but despotism. All war being civil war, it both can and should be conducted civilly. Satyagraha never closes the door on co-operation; its spirit and technique are directed solely to the preservation of the social bond in the hearts of men whereby they live and which violence shatters. There is and can be no compulsion. The satyagrahi co-operates with his opponent in an effort to help him overcome his difficulties. And in the non-violent ranks discipline as well as enlistment is purely voluntary. Gandhi has repeatedly declared that the only authority he has over his men is moral.

The analogy between violence and disease can be profitably pursued further. For violence is but the overt symptom of a deep-seated ailment, ill-will. Ill-will is born of frustration and the consequent sense of inner failure, no matter how heavily overlaid with psychological alibis. The ordinary man is satisfied when his basic needs are satisfied. To list them is not to be platitudinous even after some thirty centuries of manhood. They are four: sufficient food, sufficient clothing, a healthy habitation and engaging in productive labour. A well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed person engaged in labour that satisfies his inherent need to be productive, labour that developes instead of destroying his skill, is not likely to harbour a grudge against the world, his times, his society or his fellowmen. The antidote for ill-will is good-will and good-will to be universal and genuine must be based upon the satisfaction of these four fundamental needs. It is the anti-infective vitamin which protects against an outbreak of violence. There is a far larger amount of good-will in circulation than is generally supposed, for men are naturally good-natured and friendly. Want and injustice throw their tempers out of gear. Mahatma Gandhi only asks us to cash in on this good-will for the squaring of our differences and the alleviation of injustices. With its conscious cultivation intolerance of all kinds will diminish, national competitiveness be brought under control, racial and class discrimina-

tion disappear. It can make democracy workable and go a long way to securing to men the economic conditions that will stabilize it. Satyagraha presupposes the possibility of organising the forces of good-will for the benefit and protection of all people of all races, creeds, classes and colours. Gandhi does not doubt that

> if it is possible to train millions in the black art of violence which is the law of the beast, it is more possible to train them in the white art of non-violence which is the law of regenerate man.

Freedom of worship, social equality, economic democracy, the last symbolised by the spinning-wheel which alone can make practicable the harnessing of good-will permanently in the social service of mankind, and non-violent non-co-operation constitute the programme of Satyagraha. It is a very mild one. Only the fourth item has anything to do with politics or involves any conflict with authority. Essentially it consists in the voluntary withdrawal of the social sanction which alone can give legitimacy to the acts of an existing administration. Yet political Satyagraha is impossible without the first three, for its technique begins and ends with constructive work in just these three fields. It is here the satyagrahi receives his training and finds the opportunity to acquire the requisite measure of discipline. Constructive work, inclusive of personal productive manual labour, is to the satyagrahi what his laboratory is to the scientist. Through it, he prepares not only himself but the people, imparting to them the knowledge of Satyagraha necessary for successful non-violent action and helping them to develope the moral stamina that will enable them cheerfully to endure the suffering and the sacrifice which will ultimately win them their rights. To it he retires after any temporary set-back, to gather new strength. It is his answer to the obstinacy of his opponent. This work never ceases, being carried on without relaxation, whatever the prevailing political weather.

Four stages can be distinguished in the technique of Satyagraha. The first, constructive work, underlies and sustains all the others. The second is the framing of specific demands. The exigencies of each new set of circumstances may be said to dictate these. Mahatma Gandhi has, however, consistently followed certain principles in their selection. The demands represent the minimum acceptable to the satyagrahis, thus precluding the possibility of bargaining or compromise. This also simplifies the issue. The issue must be kept perfectly clear in order to render ineffective any attempt by the opponent to obscure it or to side-track the attention of the people. In the eight non-violent campaigns which Mahatma Gandhi has conducted, it has invariably been the case that, with the protraction of the movement, the original demands, far from being

lowered, have been enhanced. Thus in South Africa the movement began with the declared object of securing the repeal of the Transvaal Act 2 of 1907. When it ended, this Act had been repealed, its threatened extension to other parts of South Africa prevented, the oppressive £3 poll-tax on Indians removed and the system of providing labour by indentured immigration from India abolished. Indian marriages, which up till then had been refused the sanction of South African law, were henceforth to receive full legal status, the vested rights of Indians were assured protection and maintenance, and the principle of legal racial equality had been vindicated. All this took only eight years.

The demands settled, the struggle enters upon its third phase, that of public agitation and propaganda. It is the phase of mass meetings, tours, conferences, representations, deputations, protests, test cases, negotiations. It is vocal, whereas the preceding phases have been silent, and concentrates upon the creation of a strong, intelligent and critical public opinion.

The fourth and last phase is non-violent non-co-operation, culminating in civil disobedience. If the preparation has been thorough enough this stage need never be reached. Preparation alone can suffice to bring about a settlement. Such was the case in the Viramgam customs-barrier dispute. Civil disobedience is only resorted to when all other *civil* means consistent with self-respect have failed. In this the utmost patience is imperative. The satyagrahi never desires a conflict. It is forced upon him by the imposition of insult or injury by the opponent. It therefore has a defensive character. "It will be contrary to every canon of satyagraha," writes Gandhi, "to launch upon the extreme step until every other is exhausted. Such haste will itself constitute violence."

These four stages are not sharply differentiated and may be to some extent concurrent. Details are tentative and there is no stereotyped procedure. Civil disobedience may on occasion be suspended. Gandhi has never hesitated to suspend it when outbreaks of popular violence were threatened and disciplined control of the movement was placed in jeopardy. Herein lies the mysteriousness of Gandhi, his unpredictableness and his alleged inconsistency. As a relentless and tireless experimenter he has been compelled to change tactics again and again. His mistakes he admits with a courage rare in human history.

"Ahimsa is a science," writes Gandhi. "The word failure has no place in the vocabulary of science. Failure to obtain the expected result is often the precursor to further discoveries." And again he declares, "There can be no defeat or demoralisation in Satyagraha. People who are truthful, non-violent and brave do not cease to be so if their leaders fail to fulfil their expectations." They do without leaders or elect others. Apparent failure—and let

it be noted that seven of Gandhi's eight campaigns have been completely successful and the eighth is by no means over—implies some flaw in the manner of application of the non-violent principle, not defeat. The satyagrahi sets himself to discover and repair that flaw. For has not Patanjali written, "With the perfecting of *ahimsa*, all enmity ceases"?

Satyagraha, being new in the history of the world, has much leeway to make up if it is to substitute right for might in the administration of the world's affairs. Each new test reveals greater and more far-reaching powers. The people of India are slowly and painfully learning how to use those powers. Their revolutionary properties have yet to be fully realised. Gandhi invites all to join him in his research. "I have not worked out the science of Satyagraha in its entirety," he writes. "I am still groping. You can join me in my quest if it appeals to you and you feel the call."

LILA RAY

SOIL KNOWLEDGE

A Conservation Laboratory project sponsored by the Ohio Division of Conservation and Natural Resources, the State Department of Education and the Ohio State University is worth emulating in a predominantly agricultural country like India. The object is to provide practical knowledge of conditions that affect the soil and of ways of putting it to maximum use. During the six-week course students are allotted plots of land and study in detail soil condition and quality and such influential factors as vegetation and weather, so that the possibilities of improvement may be assessed. The student is enabled to acquire experience "that can be turned to direct use in the locality where he works." Not the least contribution of the course is the complete ecological picture drawn, "the relationship of life to life, of natural processes to the welfare of man."

If the average yield of Indian agricultural labour is nothing to compare with levels reached elsewhere, part of the reason is to be sought precisely in the comparative neglect of the possibilities of soil improvement and workers' common unwillingness to adopt improved agricultural methods. Many factors govern the Indian situation, not the least important of which are the peasant's ignorance and poverty. But here as in many other respects he has to be educated to make the best of his land. The American example may prove a good model.

THE FOOD OF LIFE

[**Dr. Josiah Oldfield,** now Earnshaw-Cooper Lecturer in Dietetics to the Lady Margaret Fruitarian Hospital at Sittingbourne, Kent, with which his active connection dates back to 1903, has to his credit many years of ardent service of humanitarian causes. The founder of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment was awarded by the Oxford University the degree of Doctor in Civil Law for his thesis on Capital Punishment. He raised and commanded a Casualty Clearing Station and ambulance in the last war until invalided out with the permanent rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. And he has published many books on diet reform, on which he writes here.—ED.]

Life on this planet is connected with two processes: the first is called Reproduction, which is necessary for the Continuation of Life, and the second Evolution, which is necessary for the Improvement of Life.

The human body is made up physically from what is eaten and drunk, and upon the constitution of the human body depends, to a considerable extent, its fitness for utilisation by the spiritual entities which are dominant in Evolution.

Those, then, who would teach of "the Pathway" of human life must be prepared to advise upon foods and upon drinks, in that the sustenance of the body is essential for the perfect functioning of its organs.

The human body, differing from the body of all other animals, has the need, not only to develop in beauty of form and adaptation for its needs, but also in fitness for the reception of that spiritual guest which constitutes the essence of the Human.

The important problem, therefore, is to learn what are the Cosmic Laws with regard to the nutrition of the body. Herein we have to consider two problems; the first is the materialistic growth and sustenance of the physical body; the second is those ethical laws which determine the source from which the sustenance may be obtained.

Roughly speaking, the great problem is: Should a Human be fed on the food of a Tiger, or fed upon the sustenance of an Angel?

It has been laid down by all religions and by historical observation, that the Tiger represents a class of animal which lives by killing, by devouring the flesh, by drinking the blood and by preying upon defenceless and innocent creatures round it.

The diet of the Angel type is represented by the foods called "Manna," or "Nectar" or "Ambrosia"; or "the Fruit of the Trees of the Garden of Life." This food is obtained direct from the hands of Mother Nature, and is sometimes spoken of as "the Bloodless Feast."

The great problem, then, to decide is whether it is better for the human race to live on the first type, or on

the second type. All other distinctions are of minor importance.

One of the best ways of learning is by observing the teaching of Mother Nature to her young ones, when they first come into the world, and before they are affected by the habits and customs of their environment.

Roughly speaking, the cub of the tiger, or the kitten of a domesticated cat, will select a living victim which it will put to death with delight; in its dying agonies it will find pleasure; in breaking it up and tearing it limb from limb it will manifest a frenzy of ecstasy, and in the eating of the blood and the flesh it will manifest supreme satisfaction.

If, on the other hand, we take a human child, which has the opportunity of choice, we shall find that children will not be attracted to killing and tearing up and eating the creatures round them. They will not be attracted by the smell of blood or be put into ecstasies of delight by the cries and the groans and the agonies of the victim being put to death.

The human child will go and gather green corn from the harvest field, or rub out the ripe grain into its hands, or pick and eat fresh shoots and dig up sweet roots or gather the delightful salads and vegetables of the garden. Above all, the ecstatic sight, smell and taste of sweet juicy fruits will call imperiously to sight and smell and taste of every Human Child. The human child will also co-operate with the gentle mother cow in the sharing and production of milk, butter and cheese, and, with the busy insect, it will help to gather honey from a thousand flowers.

Cosmic Law, therefore, still, after millions of years wherein various tribes have been compelled to live on flesh foods, still retains its primitive obedience to instinctive Law and claims that its food should be obtained from the kindly fruits of the Earth.

It should never be forgotten that by the Laws of the Universe, everything which is of benefit to the race tends to be reproduced, and the original stock modified in harmony with the improved goals.

Had it, therefore, been better for the human race to develop towards carnivorism, we should have found, as a result of millions of years of flesh eating, that amongst those races who adopted the flesh-eating habit, an anatomical and physiological change towards the constitution of the carnivoræ would have developed, but this has not taken place.

To me, this is the most important basis for deciding what is the range of foods that is beneficial to the race of men.

If we come to the second great problem of Ethics, we have first of all to recognise that if there is one great Creator, *Ethics and Science must go hand in hand.* That which is scientifically sound must be ethically right; and what Ethics lays down as

correct, must be found to be in harmony with Scientific Law.

Again we ask, is the human child by instinct a lover of cruelty? Do its parents encourage the love of cruelty as something which will develop its character towards higher and better things?

The answer is definitely "No."

Even if a mother herself eats lamb, she will try to teach her child to think only of the little plaything in the fields as something to be treated kindly and petted and cared for.

Mothers and fathers always have to hide the cruelty side of their own habits, until they have taught their children to copy these habits, so that the children then will have become so addicted to the taste of flesh as to be as self-indulgent and hypocritical as their parents, and so will overlook the method by which their acquired tastes are satisfied.

The tiger and the cat teach and encourage their young to develop *the habit of cruelty*. The human professedly teaches its young *the habit of Gentleness and Kindliness* to everything which can suffer.

The Law of the Cosmos, therefore, is apparently not only "Thou shalt not eat flesh," but also, "Thou shalt not kill or torture anything that can suffer."

Material science reminds us that the human animal is not provided with teeth or jaws suitable for catching and tearing the escaping victim; that the human scent sense is not adapted for following the trail of the prey with its nose to the ground; that the maxillary articulation in the human provides for round and round mastication. Man has not that fixed jaw which goes up and down to hold and to tear a struggling victim and its flesh. The human hands are not fitted with claws, nor do the organs of reproduction follow in sequence the laws of the carnivores.

A carnivorous animal has its digestive organs adapted for the bolting of flesh food but a human who copies this method of feeding soon begins to show signs of maldigestion.

From the evolutionary point of view, the human has followed along the road which the anthropoid explored. By lifting its face to the sky to search for fruit, it has not only learned to go on two legs instead of remaining four-footed, but it has transferred the chief organ from smelling out its prey on the ground, to looking up to see its food patterned against the heaven above.

The apposition of the finger and thumb belongs to man alone. Whereas claws are the finest weapons of the carnivore, the sensitive finger tips and the flexible hands enabled man steadily to go on and on in the upward scale of Evolution.

The Tiger cannot develop upwards towards Heaven. The Man should not retrogress downward towards following its victim to its earthly den.

Human stereoscopic vision too goes hand-in-hand with the apposition of the finger and thumb.

It is quite true that one acre of land cultivated with fruits and

vegetables will grow as much nutriment as twenty-three acres of land laid down for pasture for the provision of the flesh of the herbivores for human food.

This, however, does not appeal to me greatly, because if it were true that the eating of flesh was on *the higher line of Evolution* of man, then I would argue that it is better for a small number of men to live upon an extravagantly expensive dietary obtained by using large areas of pasture-land, than to have a teeming population living upon intensive cultivation of the soil.

Physiology, however, emphasises that the organs of digestion and of excretion of the human animal are specially fitted for obtaining the greatest amount of evenly-developed energy with a minimum of poisonous excretion, from a concentrated diet of grains and pulses and fruits and nuts. Man, therefore, need not spend all his life, like a cow, eating grass from morning to night in order to get enough to eat, nor like a tiger surfeited with protein, alternating between excitable activity and somnolent idleness.

All history and all inspired tradition has tried to teach the human race that the goal of the future Heaven for man is what is called a "Paradise" or "Garden."

It is only here and there that we find occasional aberrations, where human ethics have gone astray, and where they have set men to visualise a Valhalla with its gorging feasts, following bloody fights and battles; unending successions of excitement and exhaustion; and Heaven as a place of slaughtering, feasting, drunkenness, fighting, lust and cruelty.

The main trend of human Evolution has always been towards a higher and gentler future, and the basis of all such progress lies in the development of Compassion and Amity to overcome Cruelty and Enmity.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that the point of view of Ethics and Science alike is that "The future is with the Fruitarian." That it is the Tiger and the Jackal in the human that will die out, and that it is the Angel in the Human that will develop and live.

The world has become conscious that there can be no slaughterhouses in the angelic realm of the future.

Every man and every woman, therefore, who wishes to enter on the Pathway that leads to this land, must commence by accepting "the Diet of the Garden and of the Orchard."

A "Fruitarian," says the dictionary, "is a man who lives on fruit." "Fruit," says the dictionary; "is everything the earth produces suitable for the sustenance of man." "Fruit" therefore, includes all roots and vegetables; all grains and pulses; all plant and bush and tree fruits; all nuts and young growing shoots; the sweet sap of trees like the birch, and of reeds like the sugar-cane.

It also covers, with a kindred extension, the "fruits" of animal labours, like the milk, butter, cream, ghee and cheese, from the co-operation of cows, goats, buffaloes, camels, etc., and the delicate results of the toil of bees in gathering nectar from a million scented treasure houses, and in joining with man to store the resulting honey into granaries of honeycombs for their joint use.

JOSIAH OLDFIELD

SOME ASPECTS OF ÆSTHETIC CRITICISM

[**Shri N. C. Mehta, I. C. S. (Retired)** lectured at Bombay on 18th June 1945 under the auspices of the P. E. N. All-India Centre on this subject of importance not only to the modern artist but also to the public with which he finds himself today so largely at cross-purposes. The distinguished author of *Studies in Indian Painting*, a classic in its field, brings out in this somewhat condensed report of his lecture that the ideals of antiquity have very much to teach the moderns about art, as about so much besides!—ED.]

What is it exactly that people are looking for in a piece of art, particularly in a country like India, where the life of the people is dominated by the religious impulse? Take a wonderful Dancing Shiva. Was it intended to be an æsthetic masterpiece? The man who wrought it was not in the least interested in putting out an æsthetic masterpiece. He was primarily interested in fashioning some reflection of Divinity. It was meant, like any icon of any religion, as an aid to spiritual development. It was not a question of the expression of individual idiosyncrasy. The "æsthetic motive" was, in fact, completely absent in all the masterpieces that have come to us from ancient art. Only a few names have come to us where their achievements were outstanding. The great temples of Abu are supposed to have been made by Shobhan, a rare architect. The names of some of the people who worked on the Taj have also come down, but that is exceptional. Yet the artist got a place of immortality, even the humblest artisan. If he had fashioned an image of the Deity, it commanded the homage of the mightiest. The artist, though he did not call himself an artist, had his place in the scheme of things.

The definition of art in the Indian scriptures was comprehensive. In this country we have never confined the arts only to music, painting, dancing and sculpture. We have extended our list of arts to some sixty-four items. Anything, in fact, which can integrate purpose and excellence can claim the title to art.

In every urban centre today beauty is a refugee in the museum cases. Where then does art live? The art is in places less sophisticated than the urban centres of factories and slums and what we choose to call civilisation. Art, in all traditional societies and wherever the country is not completely urbanised, still lives in the villages, in the homes of the people. Art is not something apart from life. It is actually lived. The temples are places where the people still go. Art for art's sake means nothing except the display of individual eccentricity, of no importance whatever to the community. It is only the power of interpreting the fundamental and elemental corporate life and corporate needs that has any significance.

Has then the modern movement no value? Life is many-sided. There is an element of entertainment and it is here that the æsthetician comes forward, ticks off the various objects of art, is happy to show you the differences of style, as if the style were anything but an accident! The main ideas remain unchanged for centuries. That does not affect individual style. No one suggests developing music in accordance with automobiles, aeroplanes, radios etc. That does not prevent the artists from improvising within certain limits and expressing themselves in accordance with the mood and the time in a variety of ways. But art must be intelligible if it is not to be a merely personal accomplishment. The world at large requires something in the language which it has understood. Is the modern artist using such a language?

We quarrel about the Bengal School or the Bombay School or the Cubists or the Surrealists. Suppose I build a temple, installing an image of the Buddha. It will not require any commentary whatever in any part of the world as to what school it belongs to. The fundamental meaning will never be lost. And that is fundamental for a piece of art in any line. Judgment must be on the basis of the universal qualities of artistic excellence. The only standard of judgment is the excellence of the object itself, just as you judge a rose not by comparison with an oak but by the perfection of its own development. Similarly you judge a piece of art because the whole function and utility have been integrated well or otherwise. It is a rare coincidence where the idea and the workmanship—the function and the significance—are found in a unity, and there you have a deathless monument. The sādhanā or the capacity of the artist helps determine the artistic value of the production. Art is always an embodiment of a preconceived idea.

Scholars are sometimes even greater ignoramuses than the public. Scholarship is much easier than understanding. For centuries in this country scholars have talked about what constituted beauty. One of these writers, Hemachandra, in the twelfth century, said that a poem was meant, among other things, for *ananda* (bliss), and he defined *ananda* as cognate to the realisation of Brahma Itself.

Plato said that art was for the bodies and the souls of citizens. The modern art, which produces the æsthetic impulse as a reaction, seems to be confined to physical reactions, because, in the kind of society in which we live, the soul seems to be slumbering and this art, the art of the temple, the art of the icon, does not seem to speak unless that soul is first roused from its slumber, a slumber not of philosophic calm but of ignorance. Art, for its proper understanding, depends upon knowledge, and beauty is the concept of the philosopher.

Art, I repeat, is simply the embodiment of a preconceived idea in some

material form. How far has the artist succeeded in what he is trying to do ? In the great days of art in India and China the fashioning of objects was the same language that the poets were singing. We have been guilty of committing blunders in judging mediæval poetry. Take Mira, perhaps the greatest of women poets. Suppose she were to hear that modern India was thrilled by the lovely words and music of her poetry. She would be shocked. She was not writing beautiful poetry. She was singing in praise of the Divinity so that anyone hearing her songs would think of the Divinity. Similarly Tulsidas, Surdas and others. Kalidas, Shelley and Wordsworth were a breed of lesser men than these.

Art furnishes the ladder for ascent to the life of the spirit. Roger Fry thinks that sheer perfection of workmanship is a hindrance in arriving at that frame of mind which would immediately grasp the Deity. One of the first and greatest writers of ancient India, Ashwaghosha, writes in *Saundaranada* that the aim of his book is the liberation of the soul, but, seeing that the world is wrapped up in the senses and that people will not look at things which are not coated with some delectable matter —like the honey of no medicinal value which the physician prescribes to be taken with his mixture—he has couched his message in poetry. He hopes, however, his readers will not lose themselves in similes, metaphors and verbal conceits. Such was the traditional art.

Any who have seen the great masterpieces of Mogul portraiture or of Western art are naturally in ecstasies as to the quality of line, the texture, the sheer symmetry of the setting. Yet the moment the royal patron was gone, such art lost its roots. An art depending upon the patronage of the few has no roots in the soil of the country. The potter is humble and modest. He turns out objects which will be recognised by the collectors as art a few hundred years later. His wares are not cluttering valuable space because he produces for a market, to meet exactly the demand of his people. The humble art of the potter is not something apart from life. If a piece of art is merely self-expression, the expression of individual eccentricity, then it may have a place in a particular individual's life but it has no particular significance from the point of view of the country.

Old cultures like those of India and China have understood this, so they have never bothered about the particular method of presenting ideas. " How fragmentary ! " people say. " There is no perspective. " " Buddha on a lotus leaf ! What a lunatic of an artist ! Depicting more than a hundred pounds of human weight upon a fragile lotus leaf ! " But the man who conceived this was talking to a man who had not read books on art but who instinctively felt the message of the great master. The artist was using

a language which the people understood.

We decorate our homes with bric-à-brac and a few curios and paintings which we buy to patronise some friendly artist—that is something altogether different. We have ceased to know one another and therefore ceased to participate in the life of the people; therefore our understanding of art has disappeared.

Take the Ajanta paintings. The world has accepted the view that they are worth looking at and they are, if you only try to understand the mood in which they were painted. They have been copied several times, yet the most significant picture on the Ajanta walls was missed by all the copyists because they started to copy the wall and stopped when they came to the end of it. But just around the corner is the climax of the art of Ajanta, when the great Buddha returns to his home, when his wife sends young Rahula to claim his inheritance and he, the son of the great Founder of the Sangha, is invested with the yellow robe and the heavens rain flowers. Art requires, as Christian theology puts it, "the eye of the heart."

The thing needed is the awakening of the soul. It is with this in view that you have that story of the Japanese screen shown you as presenting masterpieces of birds. The birds are not there; they were so good that they have flown away!

It is true that from one point of view the artist is amoral. He is not there to question whether a particular object that he is asked to paint has any ethical significance. But Tolstoy, with rare vision, said that art must be good and good in the ethical sense. The craftsman as a craftsman has no morals but he has a responsibility as a citizen and you and I know that at times that individual responsibility has to be exercised.

Traditionally in Indian art every poem in Sanskrit began with a prayer. Every dance recital or every musical concert must begin with an invocation. From beginning to end it was art dedicated to the Deity. And if you understand Indian art—and that is equally true of mediæval Christian art—you will understand the difference between the art of today and that of traditional societies. Therefore the artist was asked to purify himself before he began his work of art. The poet's accomplishment depended upon the intensity with which he dedicated his endeavours to the Divinity.

Our artists at present are not remotely interested in the temples as worshippers, let alone as builders, because no one planning to build a temple would go anywhere near our artists. Piety is not to be found in their coterie, only mere versatility. I suggest that the whole reason why there is frustration on the part of the artists is that they have forgotten the purpose of their activities. It is time therefore that we revised our values. By having a higher standard of life you do not increase the intensity of living and it is only when

life is led intensively that poetry and beauty come into their own, when ideas take wings and are embodied in words.

What is the function of art ? It must be a support of contemplation. Art is a serious activity, something quite different from mere entertainment. Goethe said, any serious art first produces a repellent reaction. A great artistic piece disturbs you. It requires a certain degree of seriousness and seriousness is not a characteristic of our artists. But if you want to produce great music, great sculpture, seriousness is indispensable. Great sculpture is practically dead the world over because it belongs only to great architectural monuments. Take the history of architectural development, both Western and Eastern. It was only when the religious movement was intense that great sculpture was produced. It ceased in India after the sixteenth century. The Nataraja, the Dancing Shivas, developed not out of an æsthetic urge but out of an intensity of devotion meant to take the observer to much fuller realisation than was otherwise possible. If art is to be made alive that spirit has to be revived.

Art consists in raising the vision from the empirical to the ideal. The ultimate values of life are always there. It is just a question of recognising ourselves. Every Indian scholar in discussing the question of beauty presupposes the man as reader who has some æsthetic sense in himself. *Rasa*, the sentiment, the power to respond, must be there, and the power to respond comes the moment the man is attuned to a note of immortality. But the soul has to awaken. We must hear the voices and echoes within ourselves before they can be made manifest to us.

N. C. Mehta

BARODA MUSEUM

The view that we are moving towards a universal art is heartening. Dr. Hermann Goetz in his beautiful first issue of the *Bulletin of the Baroda State Museum and Picture Gallery* traces the modern efflorescence to new inspirations from non-European art. Not "the nation-bound prototypes of the East," but their basic principles. It is no more an imitation of the art that was than a graft, drawing its life from a strange tree trunk, is an imitation, in leaf or flower, of the pattern of its host. Dr. Goetz sees hopefully the present crisis as the travail of a coming cultural union of mankind.

ON THE SANSKRIT POET MĀGHA*

[Time winnows the literary harvest. Most of that which very long survives must have some elements of greatness if not the touch of true sublimity which is the only guarantee of sempiternity. The literary jewels of old India are only less scintillant than her jewels of philosophy, and both shine often in a single setting. **Shri H. G. Narahari,** who holds a research fellowship in Sanskrit at the Madras University, here vouches for the Sanskrit poem *Śiśupālavadha* of the seventh-century Māgha that it holds elements of inspiration as well as of allurement.—Ed.]

Learned estimation in this country accords to the poet Māgha quite a high place among his *confrères*. His is a name to be reckoned among the four great *mahākavis* in Sanskrit literature. The other three in this famous fraternity are Kālidāsa, Bhāravi and Daṇḍin. If Kālidāsa is known for his happy similes, Bhāravi for elevated thought, and Daṇḍin for felicity in expression, in Māgha, says a popular verse, we can find all these qualities subsisting together in blissful harmony. For a higher tribute than this no Indian poet can perhaps ever aspire.

Yet, what indeed is it that we know of so great a poet? That he is the author of the poem *Śiśupālavadha*, that his father was Dattaka Sarvāśraya, and that his grandfather, Suprabhadeva, was Minister (*sarvādhikāri*) to a King Varmalākhya or Varmalāta, practically exhausts all the definite information regarding his personality.

Medieval tradition is, however, sufficiently garrulous in this respect, and claims a more intimate knowledge regarding the author and his life. Thus the *Prabhāvakacarita* of Prabhācandra would add that our poet was, while a boy, a friend of King Bhoja. A more elaborate story is narrated by another but slightly later Jaina chronicle, the *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* of Merutunga (A. D. 1304). We are told here that Māgha came of a wealthy family and that he was very richly provided for by his father. He was also a good scholar and his epic poem *Śiśupālavadha* had evoked the admiration of all the learned men of the day. His greatness as scholar and man had brought him the friendship of King Bhoja of Dhārā whose palace he had visited and who had returned his visit. Māgha was, no doubt, as rich as the King, perhaps even richer; but, through his luxurious living and liberal gifts, he soon found that he had lost all his wealth. He sought the patronage of his friend, King Bhoja; and, though help came, it was rendered futile by his wife's

* This article is based on an address delivered before the Samskrta Academy, Madras, on 11th February 1945 on the occasion of the Sri Magha Kavi Day.

charitable disposition. The poet, as a result, died in poverty ; and, at the time of his death, he grieved not so much for his indigence as for his inability to lend his aid to the needy.

Slightly varied is the account given in the *Bhojaprabandha* of Ballālasena (*c.* the sixteenth century, A.D.) which, however, adds no details of value.

Too much importance need not be attached to any of these stories. The theory on which all their themes mainly hinge is that Māgha was a contemporary of King Bhoja of Dhārā who lived in the eleventh century A. D. But if any credence at all is due to another story, to the legend in the *Prabhāvakacarita* already noticed, which makes Māgha a cousin of the Jaina ascetic Siddharṣi who composed the *Upamitabhavaprapañcakathā* in A. D. 906, there should be little doubt that this supposition is unfounded. Fortunately for us, far more reliable evidence than this legend can give is available, and there need be no doubt that Māgha is far earlier than King Bhoja. We have unmistakable proof that Ānandavardhana (*c.* 850 A. D.) and Vāmana (*c.* 800 A. D.) knew Māgha, for both cite verses from the *Śiśupālavadha*. In *Śiśupālavadha* II. 112 the reference is, in all probability, to the commentary on the *Kāśikā*, the *Nyāsa* of Jinendrabuddhi (*c.* 700 A. D.), for the date so deduced for Māgha is stultified by no other piece of real evidence. There is also nothing against the view that King Varmalāta, mentioned in an inscription from Rajputāṇa, dated A. D. 625, may be the same as the patron of the grandfather of our poet. Māgha may thus be considered to have lived somewhere between 650 and 700 A.D.

Concerning the works of the poet, all that we know about is the *Śiśupālavadha*. The *Aucityavicāracarcā* of Kṣemendra and the *Subhāṣitāvalī* of Vallabhadeva speak, however, of a few verses of Māgha which cannot be traced to this poem. This circumstance renders likely the supposition that Māgha must have composed more than one work, though the *Śiśupālavadha* is all that is left of him.

In twenty cantos this splendid poem of rare excellence narrates the epic incident of how Śrī Kṛṣṇa slew his kinsman Śiśupāla, and the various circumstances that led to it. Māgha, no doubt, owes his subject-matter to the *Mahābhārata*, but he has treated it as only a poet would do. The story affords ample occasions to the poet when he can indulge in the trade all his own, and Māgha is seen to lose no opportunity whatsoever when he can display his skill. The long rival speeches and the elaborate description of the sacrifice found in the *Mahābhārata* are both happily shortened in the *Śiśupālavadha*. The poem gives a fine picture of Dvārakā and the sea around it, of the loveliness of the mountain Raivataka and the river Yamunā, and an enthralling description of the beauty of the dawn.

Here is also a ravishing portrait of the glow of sunset and the beauty of the rising moon. In short, into the bland narrative of the Epic the poetic genius of Māgha has transfused a charm and a dignity. It is no longer a dry story, dull and insipid, but a fine piece of poetry, inspiring and alluring.

Māgha is really a master of description. His verses[1] in praise of the beauty of the Raivataka mountain show the keenness of his poetic sense. The setting sun, the evening twilight and the rising moon stir the most original and refreshing fancies in the mind of the poet.[2] The description[3] of the women crowding eagerly to catch a sight of Śrī Kṛṣṇa entering Indraprastha is certain to draw acclamation even from those familiar with Aśvaghoṣa or Kālidāsa. Some of the battle-scenes[4] are quite scintillating. There is often[5] a distinct and very successful aim at suiting sound and sense. In the speeches of his heroes,[6] Māgha shows his capacity to be simple yet stately; but in quoting moral sentiments[7] he can be simplicity itself. The poet uses figures freely and these are usually very happy. His alliterations have "point and effect." In the language he wields he is a great adept, and he has a rare command over grammar. It is perhaps this that is responsible for the popular saying that the first nine cantos of the *Śiśupālavadha* exhaust the entire vocabulary of the Sanskrit language (*navasargagate māghe navaśabdo na vidyate*). In the science of metrics, Māgha seems to be very profound. In a single Canto (IV) of his poem he uses as many as twenty-three different metres.

Claims are put forth on behalf of a number of writers that their works are closely related to the *Śiśupālavadha* of Māgha. Among the authors so adduced are Bhāravi, Bāṇa, Subandhu, Haricandra (author of the *Dharmaśarmābhyudaya*) and Ratnākara (author of the *Haravijaya*). But nowhere does the claim appear as reasonable as in the case of Bhāravi, whose *Kirātārjunīya* appears to have been before Māgha when he composed his *Śiśupālavadha*. Numerous passages can be pointed out where Māgha seems to be zealously devoted to improvising on Bhāravi's theme. But to imagine on this score that our poet did this and no more, would be to commit a great blunder. It would be to ignore the solid fact that Māgha is "a poet of the very first order, who combines a vivid imagination with an acute observation of life." We can only look upon him as "the rival of Bhāravi, at least of Bhāravi's fame as the then most admired poet."

Besides merely vying with Bhāra-

[1] *Śiśupālavadha*, IV. 1. 4-9.
[2] *Ibid.*, IX. 1, 7, 10, 18, 25 and 26.
[3] *Ibid.*, XIII. 31.
[4] *Ibid.*, XVIII. 80; XX. 5.
[5] *Ibid.*, I. 47.
[6] *Ibid.*, XV. 14.
[7] *Ibid.*, II. 32, 86.

vi for fame, Māgha may well also have had still another end in view when he composed his poem. He might have felt the need of a poem wherein the glory of Viṣṇu is celebrated and might have thought of writing one himself, even as Bhāravi had sung the praises of Śiva. It is probably in full appreciation of this effort on the part of Māgha that there is current the enigmatic verse:

muraripadacinta cet tada maghe ratim kuru |
muraripadacinta cet tada maghe ratim kuru ||

While one-half of this verse clearly speaks of the importance of Māgha's work to the Vaiṣṇava, the other half is intended as a very great compliment to his scholarship. He is classified with Murāri, the great but very difficult poet. We are told here that the *Śiśupālavadha* of our poet is a stepping-stone to all those who would aspire to understand the work of the celebrated Murāri.

In the bright heaven of Classical Sanskrit literature, Māgha is a luminary whose brilliance is of the first magnitude. He is one of the greatest poets we have ever had, one who should be the pride not only of Gujarat, to which province he seems to belong, but to the whole of this country. Not only is he a poet of very rare ability and imagination, he is also a great scholar, well-versed in many branches of learning. His scholarship in Sāṅkhya, Yoga and Mīmāṁsā, in Buddhism and in the difficult science of grammar, is of the front rank. In the fine arts like music and dancing, and in the recondite lore of horses and elephants, his knowledge is no less commendable. In the intricacies of the science of politics he is an acknowledged past-master. With the details of the science of erotics Māgha shows great intimacy, and is usually found fault with for his enthusiastic demonstration of his knowledge in this respect. Our tastes have no doubt changed with the times; but it is probable that, at the time the poet lived, these were considered no excesses, or that there was full faith then in the Virgilian dictum: *homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.* The other charge made against Māgha is his fondness for verbal gymnastics. The verse (XVI. 2) in the *Śiśupālavadha*, which is only the clever speech of Śiśupāla's envoy, meaning defiance as well as submission, is made ambiguous quite intentionally. So also the other verse (XIX. 3) each of whose quarters contains a single consonant, is intended to make us understand the poet's command over the language. It is sheer intellectual cowardice to condemn Māgha for it. If at all he has erred here, his only crime is his marvellous scholarship. So sober a critic as Dr. Barnett is ready to concede that Māgha "has wielded an enormous influence in Sanskrit literature, and he must be read by all who desire to know what the language is capable of."[1] True it is that the universal appeal which is Kālidāsa's is not for our poet; but he may content himself with the following the learned can give him, a following which, however poor in quantity, is at any rate rich in quality.

H. G. NARAHARI

[1] *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1927, p. 348.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

ANDHRA LITERARY HISTORY *

This is the fourth volume published in the series of P. E. N. Books on the Indian Literatures planned and edited by Madame Sophia Wadia and it may be considered sufficient praise if one hazards the opinion that this volume maintains the standard set by its predecessors. The author has undertaken a difficult task, that of surveying the history of a literature over a period of ten centuries or more. Not content with this Dr. Raju has attempted something more : as Sir C. R. Reddy points out in the Introduction ; the book is wider in scope than the work of Chenchiah and Bhujanga Rao published in The Heritage of India Series, for it is "a treatise on the Andhra contribution to the culture of India."

The main part of the work is made up of two sections,—One on "Old Andhra Literature" from its beginnings to 1875 and the other on "New Andhra Literature" from about 1875 to the present day. The former gives an interesting account of the *Mahābhārata* poets, the *Rāmāyaṇa* poets, the *Prabandha* poets and the *Śatakas*. Some controversial issues are introduced in the first three chapters regarding the nature of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata* as epics and the literary value of the Purāṇas. One may not agree with the critical position taken up by Dr. Raju in his Foreword (pp. xvii to xxii). Did the heroes of the *Mahābhārata* act according to some formal ethical ideal and did they get it from the Vedas ? Is the kernel of the *Mahābhārata* to be found in minstrels' songs or elsewhere ? Is the growth of an epic in accordance with some original aims ? These are controversial questions which would require considerable space for discussion and they are merely incidental in a volume professing to survey the development of Telugu literature. Here the reader is mainly interested in the parallelism and linking together of narrative, didactic and lyrical poetry with occasional references to the development of these types of poetry in other Indian or foreign languages.

The second part of the work, on "New Andhra Literature," will perhaps be of greater interest to the ordinary reader because of the problems of modern life discussed in this literature as also of the personality of the writers who are familiar figures in the intellectual life of South India. If one has any criticism to offer of this section it is this, that Dr. Raju has attempted too much for a short survey, that some pages appear almost like catalogues bristling with the names of comparatively insignificant writers and their works. The professional student of literature would prefer to focus his attention on the more important authors and indulge in a detailed criticism of the works which are likely to stand the test of time. But one can sympathise with Dr. Raju's effort to be extensive rather than intensive and it will be extremely ungenerous to suggest that

* *Telugu Literature*. By P. T. Raju. (Published for the P. E. N. All India Centre by the International Book House, Ltd., Ash Lane, Fort, Bombay. Rs. 2/8)

he has avoided probing into the vital problems of literature—of lyrical poetry and drama, of the novel and the short story. One would have liked to have more of this but one must remember the limits imposed upon a history of this type and be content with what one has received rather than complain of the lack of what one might have had.

Of the Anthology which forms the concluding part of the volume one can only say that the English translations fail to give an adequate idea of the beauties of the original works.

N. K. SIDHANTA

A MYSTIC OF ISLAM*

Dr. Margaret Smith has added a notable new volume to her series of studies in the mysticism of Islam. Progressing from her earliest monograph on Rābi'a, the woman-saint, she has successively investigated the rise of Ṣūfism in its Eastern Christian background, and the particular contribution to the evolution of a mystical system in Islam made by al-Muḥāsibī of Baghdad. Perhaps the most important single fact emerging from her last-named study was her discovery of the extent to which the greatest of Arab mystical theologians, Abū Ḥāmid al-Ghazālī, drew upon the writings of his Baghdādī forerunner; it was therefore peculiarly fitting that Dr. Smith should have chosen as her next field of research the heroic figure of al-Ghazālī himself; and, in doing so, she has produced the most useful book that has so far appeared in English on this classic mystic.

Of course, al-Ghazālī was much more than a mystic; he was a foremost theologian, a philosopher of eminence, and a fundamental Shāfi'ī lawyer. To have covered all these sides of the man would have meant a far wider study, a much larger book, and perhaps less of solid value in the end; Dr. Smith did well to limit herself to the most important, the mystical part of al-Ghazālī's system. It would nevertheless have been an advantage to give a little more stress to these other aspects, in order to demonstrate more clearly the full stature of this sublime figure; while the opportunity might have been taken to furnish a complete bibliography of al-Ghazālī.

The book is in two parts: the first deals with the man himself, and makes a fascinating biography and character-sketch; the second examines the origins, scope and influence of his mystical teaching. While the study is valuable to the specialist in Islamic culture, it may be read with enjoyment and profit by the amateur and newcomer to this field of interest, for al-Ghazālī's system is largely identical with orthodox Islam, and to describe it is to give a picture broadly true of the religion in general, particularly of course in its spiritual aspect.

The printing and general get-up are most creditable for a wartime book, though the proofs might have been read more meticulously. The following list of corrections, not exhaustive, may be useful for the next edition:—

* *Al-Ghazali, the Mystic.* By MARGARET SMITH, M.A., D.LIT. (Luzac and Co., London. 21s.)

p. 13 For Mazardarān read Māzandarān.
p. 16 For Kitāb al-Mankhūl read Kitāb al-Manḥul.
p. 19 For madrassa read madrasa.
p. 26 For 'Umayyads read Umayyads.
p. 37 For Muẓaffer al-Abiwardī read Muẓaffar al-Abīwardī.
For Isma'īl read Ismā'īl.
p. 60 For Maẓaffar read Muẓaffar.
p. 61 For Barkiyāruk read Barkiyārūk.
p. 62 For 'Abd al-Qarīm read 'Abd al-Karīm.
p. 65 For Abu'l-Naẓaffar read Abu'l-Muẓaffar.
p. 86 For Da'ūd read Dā'ūd.
p. 87 For Qur'ān read Qur'ān.
p. 107 For al-lawāma read al-lawwāma.
p. 108 For al-ā'lā read al-a'lā.
p. 141 For al-nafs al-nāṭnafs read al-nafs al-nāṭiqa.
p. 141 For al-muṭma'inna read al-muṭma'inna.
p. 143 For al-Ālihiyya read al-ilāhiyya.
p. 167 For al-Sādiqūn read al-Ṣādiqūn.
p. 168 For al-'ubudiyya read al-'ubūdiyya.
p. 173 For al-saḥū read al-ṣaḥw.
p. 199 For Falāsafa read Falāsifa.
For Qur'ān read Qur'ān.
For al-Dalāl read al-Ḍalāl.
For al-Sa'ada read al-Sa'āda.
For Abu'l-Walid read Abu'l-Walid.
For wa'l-Zandaqa read wa'l-Zandaqa.
For Abu'l-Faraj read Abu'l-Faraj.
p. 200 For esoterisism read esotericism.
For al-Iḥyā b'Ighlāt read al-Aḥyā bi-Aghlāṭ.

A. J. ARBERRY

THE WAR OF FRANKENSTEINS *

It was several years before the present war that Mr. Garet Garrett produced his arresting study *Ouraboros; or the Mechanical Extension of Mankind*. His new book carries the story of scientific technology a stage further, to the phase of total, world-wide war in which machines fight machines on land and in the sea and the air. But this, he suggests, is not only the culmination but the close of the Machine Age; for just now, when machines are proliferating and evolving in all shapes and sizes over the whole world, as fast and furiously as the reptiles once did in an age before Man existed, their supremacy is threatened by a higher development. The scientific technology to which they owe their existence, having solved almost every conceivable problem of mechanics, is exploring with increasing success the possibilities of synthetic chemistry, especially those transmutations of one substance into another which provide industry both with new materials for fabrication and new sources of available energy. The changes likely to ensue from this development will not, of course, abolish machines; but they are practically certain to alter the purposes for which machines are used and to change the

* *A Time is Born*. By GARET GARRETT, with an Introduction by Dorothy L. Sayers. (Basil Blackwell, Oxford. 7*s*. 6*d*.)

whole pattern of economic forces which have hitherto determined their evolution and multiplication.

The Machine Age is thus passing over into the Alchemical; and what every human being will be most concerned to know about the transformation is whether it gives a better hope of peace between the peoples. Consideration of this question is the main theme of Mr. Garrett's essay, which is admirably thought out, well-informed and very forcibly written, and his answer is in the affirmative.

There is no longer any intelligent doubt that the Age of Machines, which opened up the whole world to swift transport and communication and made close neighbours of all nations, did so in such a manner as to set their vital interests more in opposition than in harmony. The reason for this can be most easily grasped by the well-worn device—which Mr. Garrett employs with special skill—of considering Man's machines as if they were a new race of beings, more powerful if less autonomous than himself, which his activities have brought into being. The machines can produce other machines, tools and articles for human use at high speed in unlimited quantities, but they require to be fed. The food they require is of two kinds—materials, such as fibres, hides, metals, etc., and also food for the multitudes of human beings needed to groom and tend them and to bring their progeny to birth. Thus the industrial areas—the great breeding-grounds of the machines—require constant and growing quantities of supplies from the non-industrialised areas where people still live as farmers, foresters, hunters and miners. We have thus a sort of "Malthusian problem" of the machines, as their fecundity threatens to exhaust their means of subsistence, and they begin to fight one another. The effect upon national politics is to make each separate nation eagerly ambitious to live more by machine industry and less by primary production, since the former way of life confers greater military power and—under existing competitive conditions, though not in the long run—it promises access to greater wealth. The present phase of excessive militarism is a scramble of the nations to place themselves in the "higher" category of States which export technofactures and import primary products: the "lower" category is of those whose balance of trade is of the opposite kind.

Mr. Garrett's belief, that the new age of scientific discovery will reduce this incentive to aggression, is based upon the rapid development of processes for producing the materials of industry locally, and dispensing with supplies from distant parts of the world. We have seen this startlingly exemplified in the synthetic production of nitrates, of rubber and of motor fuels. It is possible that the resources of Science, if fully exploited with that end in view, could very greatly diminish the need for imported materials, and to that extent could lessen the competition for foreign markets. But technical science can do much less—perhaps very little—in this way to reduce the competition for imported food; and food becomes an even more vital problem than materials in those nations which neglect agriculture to over-develop technofacture. In one respect synthetic chemistry is likely to increase the demands of technofacture upon agriculture, for some of the chemical substances it will require are of vegetable origin, and could only be supplied by the special cropping of very large areas of land.

Another hopeful factor, of which this writer says less, is that the extension of technics to every part of the world would seem fairly certain, sooner or later, to reduce the competitive advantage of technofacture over primary production. When there are as many peoples eager to exchange machine products for rural products as there are producers of the latter, will an hour's work at a machine be better paid than an hour's work on the land? If once the economic incentive to technofacture becomes seriously discredited, the prospects for human happiness will be enormously improved. But the illusion is still current over almost all the world that technology holds the secrets of wealth and wisdom for mankind. Actually it can add nothing to the latter, and to the former its contributions are strictly limited and conditional, as the wise have never ceased to say. But this exaggerated esteem in which modern man holds the products of technofacture is the superstition of a whole human epoch, and will not quickly be exorcised.

On this subject Mr. Garrett is one of the wise; every serious student of world affairs may read him with profit; for he has the knowledge and judgment for his task, and a fine and well-disciplined imagination.

PHILIP MAIRET

Lidice. (Published for the Czechoslovak P. E. N. By George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 5*s.*)

This book consists of tributes, by members of the International P. E. N., to Lidice—the village in Czechoslovakia destroyed by the Germans in revenge for the assassination of Heydrich.

The late President Roosevelt said that you cannot legislate enthusiasm, and it is equally true that inspired utterance is not necessarily induced by a given theme. It is inevitable, therefore, that certain of the contributions in this book represent a striving towards emotion, rather than its spontaneous expression.

There are, however, two very notable exceptions, and it may not be coincidence that each is concerned with the theme of Lidice at one remove.

The first is Mr. Richard Church's poem *The Englishman.* Here is authentic emotion. This poem has a pulse which sets the reader's throbbing. A few lines reveal its quality:—

> ...And still the glutted tiger has not done.
> 'Tis you he scents, your children and your wife,
> The treasure of your island. If,
> If he should break the bastion, tread the sea,
> And desecrate you as he unhallows
> With slavery, with death, despair and weeping,
> Those who are near you, a wave-width away,
> Will you be taken sleeping?

The second exception is Miss Storm Jameson's story *The Last Night.* Not only is it remarkably effective as a story, it is also an illuminating study of German psychology. Now, inevitably, much has been written about the Germans during the war, but most of it is either polluted by propaganda, or attempts to reach the centre of the problem from the circumference. Miss Storm Jameson is concerned with the centre.

The setting is a German outpost in Czechoslovakia at the time when German troops were being withdrawn into Germany. The members of this outpost, who have tortured or shot a number of Czech hostages, now find themselves more and more menaced by Czech patriots who, eventually, overwhelm and destroy them.

Essentially, this story is a study of an S.S. lieutenant, a sadist, and a German colonel, who, having surrendered his individuality wholly to the military machine which he serves, executes the will of that machine with automatic anonymity. It would be difficult to say which is the more terrifying—the S.S. lieutenant or the colonel.

This remarkable story, and Mr. Richard Church's most moving poem, are the unforgettable contributions in this collection.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

CHRISTIANITY IN ITS CONTEXT *

This booklet is a reprint of three articles on Esoteric Christianity originally published by Madame Blavatsky in her magazine, *Lucifer*. The series was never completed. The underlying thesis of the articles is that the origin of all religions is to be found in a few primeval truths, not one of which can be explained apart from all the others, that these truths were originally written in a universal mystery-language and that the discovery of this secret wisdom is the key to the understanding of the spirit of religion in general and of any particular religion.

By a critical and scholarly examination of the origins of terms like *Chrestos* and *Christos* she shows that Christianity is no exception to this principle and that it can be understood only in the context of the Mystery religions in which it arose. "Many were the good and holy men in antiquity who bore the surname or title of Chrestos before Jesus of Nazareth...was born."

She points out the common origin of many of the ideas which Christian orthodoxy has come to claim as exclusively its own. Thus Horus of Egypt was "the anointed son of the father," anointed with "oil that was taken from the wood of the Tree of Life." Again the soul of Horus was represented as rising from the dead and ascending to heaven. "Everywhere, in India as in Egypt, in Chaldea as in Greece, all these legends were built upon one and the same primitive type." In the demonstration of this kinship between the different religions and the recognition in every religion of a separate ray of the One Sun of Truth lies the main contribution of Theosophy and the only solution of the conflict of religions.

Writing at a time when Christian orthodoxy was most rabid, when it sought to denounce and suppress all free enquiry, Madame Blavatsky vigorously defends Theosophy against the charge of hatred of Christianity. The articles were mainly intended as a plea for the recognition of the essence of Christian teaching which she found in its esoteric wisdom and not in the worship of the dead-letter of the Bible. This is in line with the Johannine Christ's exhortation: "It is the spirit that giveth life; the flesh profiteth nothing." "Christianity can never hope to be understood," she confidently asserts, "until every trace of dogmatism is swept away from it, and the dead letter sacrificed to the eternal spirit of Truth, which is Horus, which is Crishna, which is Buddha, as much as it is the Gnostic Christos and the true Christ of Paul." And she has uttered a solemn warning: "The churches will have to part with their cherished dogmas, or the 20th century will witness the downfall and ruin of all Christendom, and with it, belief even in a Christos as pure Spirit." But the churches seem in no mood to heed such a warning or to let the devotee stand fast in "the freedom with which Christ has set us free." (St. Paul)

S. K. GEORGE

* *The Esoteric Character of the Gospels: A Study in Occultism.* By H. P. BLAVATSKY. (International Book House Ltd., Bombay. As. 10).

THE WIELDERS OF POWER *

The Chinese are said to have a proverb which proclaims that "a great man is a public misfortune." The modern version of this is Lord Acton's much-quoted assertion: "All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." To the nineteenth century this would have sounded unintelligible. There was a general agreement with Carlyle when he undertook to prove in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* that the history of mankind was the history of the doings of great men and when both he and Goethe, according to Crabb Robinson who knew them both, "respected power in all its forms." Since then attempts have been made to show that the prominent movers in public affairs are "the products of their age," that they are puppets under the control of destiny, and that if they had not happened along at a particular moment, others would have appeared and would have done precisely what they did. In a very interesting, thoughtful book this problem of the interaction between men and tendencies is examined by Sidney Hook, an American student of Marxism and other philosophies, who appears to be worried by the difficulties in the way of combining Socialism with Democracy and towards the end drops the hero theme in order to discuss earnestly this other problem.

It is, however, the major *motif* of his book which will attract most readers. He divides the men and women who play leading parts in the world into those who "make events" and those who are merely "eventful," who, that is to say, are influenced by and do not influence events through "the outstanding capacities of their intelligence, will and character." Those who do exhibit these capacities he calls heroes or great men. Usually those terms are applied to rulers, statesmen or commanders in war. Mr. Hook says a democracy should honour its teachers more than any of those—"whether they be prophets, scientists, poets, jurists or philosophers." It is most unlikely that this will ever come to pass. For, as Mr. Hook notices, rulers have at their disposal methods of publicity which keep them in the public eye. Theodore Roosevelt once told me that any man who could get his portrait into every home in America could be elected President. A German Foreign Minister (Kiderlen-Waechter) early in this century declared that he could make the public believe any nonsense if he had control of all the newspapers for a few weeks. Hitler proved this to be true. Rulers thus are able to impose themselves on nations more easily than ever before, though it is doubtful whether they have, as Mr. Hook asserts, more power. But it is, as he urges, most necessary to watch them closely and curb whatever power they do possess. To admire and respect any one who exercises a large amount of it (which is what most people do) must lead to disaster. The Chinese and Lord Acton were right in the main. Mr. Hook on the whole agrees with them.

HAMILTON FYFE

* *The Hero in History*. By SIDNEY HOOK. (Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd., London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

A UNIQUE DOCUMENT *

Those who care for historical research cannot afford to neglect any source of historical reconstruction. There was a time in the history of Indology when literary sources of history were neglected by professional historians. The historians of the present generation, however, have developed a more scientific outlook in the evaluation of historical sources. Historical Kavyas have accordingly been receiving greater attention at the hands of historians than in the past few decades. The *Acyutarāyābhyudaya* of Rājanātha Diṇḍima is a historical Kavya describing the early life, career and achievements of the Emperor Acyutarāya of Vijayanagar (A. D. 1529-1542). The first six cantos were published at Srirangam in 1907. The present edition completes this work in print.

The value of this poem as a historical document is unique. The statements made by Rājanātha stand on a higher level of accuracy than even the recorded testimony of Western travellers. The author being the poet-laureate of the Emperor, his work betrays the intimate connection of the poet with his patron, whose life he has accurately recounted in the poem.

There was an intimate connection between the Diṇḍima family and the reigning house of Vijayanagar for several generations. Vijayanagara, the capital of Acyutarāya, is called Vidyāpura by Rājanātha. Only once is the name Vijayanagara used. In his learned Introduction the Editor deals with such topics as the value of the poem, the ancestry of the author, Narasa Nayak and his predecessors, Vīranarasiṁha and Kṛṣṇadevarāya, Acyuta and his coronation, Sellapa, Rājanātha as a poet, the date of the poem etc. According to the Editor the poem was composed between A. D. 1536 and 1542.

The present edition has been based on ten MSS., from Madras, Santiniketan, Mysore, Trivandrum, Tanjore and Adyar. The Editor has given a special Note on these MSS. (pp. 35-38 of the Introduction). The Editor has spared no pains to extract from the poem all the historical matter that can be drawn from it, as observed by Rao Bahadur Aiyangar in his scholarly Foreword.

> In completing a valuable *mahakavya* of the Silver Age of Sanskrit learning in the Dakhan and South India, and in editing it with the apparatus of modern scholarship, he has laid students of both Sanskrit and History under a great debt.... Work of the kind will be a prelude for an adequate survey of the achievements, and the services to culture and scholarship of the great rulers of South India, whose enlightened patronage has started the debate as to whether the correct name of their capital is not the City of Learning (Vidyanagara) rather than the City of Victory (Vijayanagara.)

We fully agree with this tribute of the veteran Rao Bahadur to the work of the learned Editor of this excellently printed volume and congratulate the authorities of the Adyar Library on this valuable addition to their illustrious series of Sanskrit publications.

P. K. GODE

* *Acyutarayabhyudaya* of RAJANATHA DINDIMA. (Sargas 7 to 12). Edited by A. N. KRISHNA AIYANGAR, M.A., L.T., with a Foreword by PROF. RAO BAHADUR K. V. RANGASWAMI AIYANGAR, M. A. (Adyar Library Series, No. 49, Adyar, Madras. Rs. 3/8)

The Big Heart. By MULK RAJ ANAND. (Hutchinson International Authors Ltd., London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Anand is recognised as being supreme among contemporary Indian novelists as an interpreter of the life of his own people to Western readers. In his latest book he grapples with a theme which is of world-wide moment, but which in India has only just begun to unfold its as yet unreconciled alternatives. It is the theme of Man and the Machine. Of Billimaran, the street in the centre of Amritsar which is the scene of his story, he writes,

> With one head it looks towards the ancient market, where the beautiful copper, brass, silver and bronze utensils made in the lane are sold by dealers...with the other it wriggles out towards the new Ironmongers' Bazar, where screws and bolts and nails and locks are sold and which merges into the Booksellers' mart, the cigarette shops and the post office replete with the spirit of modern times.

Between these two poles of the ancient and modern world lies the ancient brotherhood of the coppersmiths deprived of a livelihood by the shortage of metal and by the coming of a factory in which machines have displaced their craft. For most of them this means that they can neither earn a wage by piecework nor find employment in the factory. Their tragedy is that of the English craftsman at the end of the eighteenth century, but they are the victims not only of the greed of their own countrymen, acting as employers and dealers, but also of British imperialism. Such a theme might well have produced a propagandist novel. But Mr. Anand has created something much more real. Descended from the coppersmiths' brotherhood himself he knows intimately what is at stake and he creates characters who impersonate livingly the different possible attitudes to what is in reality a dire struggle for the body and soul of humanity. At the centre of the story is the warm-hearted impulsive Ananta, a giant in strength but immature in spirit who has faith in a new age of brotherhood in which the machine will be controlled and the workers combine to end exploitation. Second only in importance to him is Purun Singh Bhagat, the poet, wiser than Ananta, yet admiring the instinctive necessity of his acts. There is Janki, too; Ananta's mistress, stricken with tuberculosis and guarding her sensitiveness within a shell of self-protection. And there are a dozen lesser characters all of whom contribute something to that sense of being immersed in the feverish, sublime, petty, desperate, light-headed, suffering stream of Indian life which Mr. Anand so remarkably produces. For his mind is a thoroughfare for all thoughts and kinds of persons, not a select party. All creeds from Vedantic wisdom to Communism have their say. The defects and virtues of West and East, of British and Indian, the putrescence of famine-stricken bodies, the compassionate calm of liberated spirits, jostle together as the tale unfolds to its tragic climax and ends with its message of atoning human wisdom as the poet comforts poor Janki in her loss and they set out together "to live a simple and more truthful life with other people."

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

The Man India Loved. By J. S. HOYLAND. (Lutterworth Press, London. 4*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book sets out to reveal C. F. Andrews as seen through the eyes of representative individuals in a comprehensive cross-section of Indian society: punkah-puller and coolie, student and trade union leader, Moslem and Moplah, and so on. There are twenty-five such glimpses, and in each the "tall white man" turns out to be C. F. Andrews, and in each he is revealed as the friend of the poor and the oppressed, the diseased and the outcast. But we knew that C. F. Andrews was a good man, an uncanonized saint; what we wanted was a solid biography or a searching inquiry into the seed and flowering and fruition of the phenomenon of goodness in this sceptical Freudian age.

Mr. Hoyland tells us rather less than we had already surmised, and he tells it by a repetitive sentimental trick. Thereby, out of the goodness of his own heart, he unwittingly does C. F. Andrews a disservice; for a book like this will inevitably provoke the superficial cerebrators, the bogus intellectuals, into attempting to "debunk" and belittle C. F. Andrews. "Without contraries there is no progression," said William Blake; and it certainly does seem fatal to leave in the hands of the already-converted the subtle problem of the nature of a good man's goodness. Better by far the fierce mental fight manifested in the pages of Oskar Kraus's book on Schweitzer; for therein we do see a progression and a victory, we do know that something is happening to Mr. Kraus as he writes his book and that Schweitzer is becoming real to us as he may not have been before. In comparison, Mr. Hoyland's little book is confectionery—pleasant, innocuous but not nourishing.

J. P. HOGAN

I Lied to Live: A Year as a German Family Slave. By ALEXANDER JANTA. (Roy Publishers, New York. $2.75)

A comprehensive account of Hitler's war is neither possible nor desirable. The very record is bound to be a hideous nightmare; it might even drive the reader to the verge of insanity. We shall soon have a staggering load of memoirs, misrepresentations, special pleadings, essays on high strategy, eulogies of the various war lords, as also a considerable mass of fiction and drama, mixing, in varied proportion, fact and fancy, truth and propaganda. The war of words will be nearly as distracting as the clash of arms, and we shall never know the truth, the whole truth.

Let us therefore extend an affectionate welcome to Mr. Janta's unexpectedly candid and convincing account of the months he spent with a German family as a farm labourer. Mr. Janta is an ardent Pole, but he is also a cultured European and he has many affiliations with America, India and the Far East. He is thus admirably fitted to sum up what Hitler has done to the human personality. The hectic days before the collapse of France in June 1940—the rounding up of French soldiers in their tens of thousands—the Germans in their hour of victory—the farm at Rabenhof, Herr and Frau Schnabel—the Polish "volunteers" on the German farms—Britain as the sole symbol of resistance to Nazism

—America as the land of promise and of hope—Führer-worship in a German village—the first weeks of the war against Russia : the events, the scenes, pass before our eyes in all their compelling vividness, humanity and tragedy.

A terrible recital, of course, but Mr. Janta's humour and sensibility transform the irritations and the frustrations into a moving human story. The situation in which Mr. Janta found himself when he chose to play the part of a French prisoner of war was, on the surface, a theme for a farce; but tragedy was never far away. In Mr. Janta's pages we come to close grips with the Nazi ideology and methods; we apprehend the ache in the soul of the man who loves freedom passionately though he has lost it; and—astonishing as it may seem—we actually close the book with an incipient feeling of hope for the future. Out of violent and sordid material Mr. Janta has made a beautiful and serene book; and it demonstrates once more that Truth is ever stranger than fiction.

K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

Depth Psychology and Education. By Anjilvel V. Matthew. (School and College Book-Stall, Kolhapur. Rs. 12/8)

The agelong association of Psychology with metaphysical speculations has left an indelible mark on its development. Even today, when stupendous efforts are vainly made to make it conform—in form and method—to the physical sciences, its theories unmistakably show a highly speculative character. This is singularly true of the theories associated with the names of Freud, Jung and Adler. No doubt we owe it to the genius of Sigmund Freud that many an obscure fact of mental life, buried deep in the Psyche, has found its explanation. All that is known to us at any moment is only an insignificant part of our psychic existence. Our life is led and influenced by many a motive which is hidden from us; our soul is torn by many a conflict which has its roots in the past, the individual and the racial. No educational theory can safely ignore facts of such colossal significance. Prof. Anjilvel Matthew, who has given us a lucid and critical exposition of the chief psycho-analytic schools, is not a blind admirer of any one.

However hostile we may be to the theoretical structure of Psycho-analysis and however dissatisfied with the crudity of its psychological concepts, we may readily admit its contribution to the understanding of the dynamic forces which mould and mar our character. No doubt when it develops into a *Welt-Anschauung*, an outlook on life, and claims to be the last word on the problems of human destiny it trespasses beyond its own limits and assumes a blatantly unscientific character. Thanks to the essentially religious attitude of Professor Matthew, he is not led away by the onslaught of the Freudian Depth Psychology on religion and has not pronounced religious values illusory. Naturally he finds in Jung a psychologist who deals with religion with sympathy and understanding. But the system of Jung, though rich in intuitions and insight, is nourished on such extravagant flights of fancy that religion could be saved only at the expense of science and reason. It is really commendable that Professor Matthew has not confined himself

solely to the work of the psycho-analysts but has enriched his thought by the study of Janet, Kretschmer and a host of other academic psychiatrists who are sober in judgment, refined in analysis and conscious of the limitations of their science. We gladly recommend his book to all who are interested in education, psychology and the multifarious problems of everyday life.

S. VAHIDUDDIN

Above All Nations : An Anthology. Compiled By GEORGE CATLIN, VERA BRITTAIN and SHEILA HODGES. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

It is common today and very saddening to hear atrocity stories, both true and untrue, of men turned brutal and sadistic by war, who have taken pleasure in bringing humiliation and pain to their enemies. Even more saddening is it when the story-teller concludes, with pathological unreason, that an equal or worse form of reprisal can be the only possible answer to such crimes against humanity.

Here at last, floating above an almost world-wide deluge of organised hate propaganda, is an anthology of individual acts of kindness done to enemies since 1939. The compilers, George Catlin, Vera Brittain and Sheila Hodges, have waded against the stream valiantly collecting enough pure drops from the muddied swirl to show, as Victor Gollancz writes in his Foreword, "that even amidst the illimitable degradation of modern warfare men of all nations can be decent and merciful."

Most of the items are plain, significant statements of fact culled from contemporary books and the press. They are grouped with skill and vision under chapter-headings of apt quotation, varying from Ernst Toller to St. Francis. Typical is the pithy eloquence of this news extract :—

> Surgeon Lieutenant Mario Constantino Lucchi, an Italian prisoner of war, was presented with a Royal Humane Society parchment yesterday for rescuing one of two lads whose canoe had capsized in the River Cam. —*The Times*, August 10th, 1943.

There are many stories which are spiritually fragrant and redolent of human hope for tomorrow. Particularly we recall the Yorkshire town of Selby refusing to buy savings stamps to stick on a bomb during their Wings for Victory Week, and suggesting that the authorities should substitute some instrument for saving life. The Japanese Buddhist priest who came with the Blessed One's wisdom, kindliness and help to an English Christian Bishop imprisoned in Tokyo. The German mother who brought gifts of fruit and cigarettes to a wounded British airman whose squadron had killed her son. The music-loving American ambulance driver in North Africa who found a dead young German's copy of *Introduction to Mozart* inscribed with Goethe's words—"*Mehr Licht.*"

The illuminating work of the compilers of *Above All Nations* is more likely to create the right world frame of mind for a lasting peace than the usual pathological talk of requitals. We need greater hearts for compassion and more humble good sense of the kind that these stories reveal; not bigger and better political ammunition and world-warlording in the grand manner.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

ENDS AND SAYINGS

" _____ ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

Shri C. Rajagopalachari gave on 28th July the Convocation Address of the Indian Women's University, Bombay, the budding plant perseveringly tended by our esteemed countryman Prof. Karve. Some of his remarks were provocative but we hope that they will provoke thought leading to calm consideration and not only hot words which becloud the mind and afford no light to penetrate the subject under debate. There are other thoughts which definitely express what is vaguely held by many. Thus—

Men and women are equal. Boys and girls are equal. There is no doubt about this. But equality in what ? Certainly, equal respect should be paid to the divine spirit whether encased in the body of a man or in the body of a woman. The body is, however, distinct from the spirit. Work on the physical plane is distinct for boys and girls. The conditions are different. The preparation therefore must necessarily be different. Difference does not mean difference in every respect. In most respects there may be no difference, but still in some important respects there must be differences and it is here that education has to play its part. The work which women do is as important for the community as that which men do, though they may be different. There is no higher or lower in this. I do not deny that there is a lot of common work but the point is that there is a lot of special work also for each of the two large divisions of humanity —men and women.

Therefore

the education we should give to girls is one that should equip them for undertaking the duties of enlightened mothers, the task of the upbringing of children both boys and girls in the critical early years of their age. Separate universities for girls, therefore, is not merely a question of protecting and isolating girls from boys during a period of life full of chances of error, but is intended for the imparting of a special kind of education and for furnishing the special tests which are required in view of the special duties devolving on mothers and on women-leaders who are to usher in a better day for India through better organised families.

India needs more institutions for helping her daughters. The pioneering work of Prof. Karve deserves not only to be copied but followed up on a higher spiral.

The need and the possibilities of educational reconstruction in India were surveyed by Dr. Radhabinod Pal, Vice-Chancellor, in his Convocation Address at the University of Calcutta on 14th July. Especially important was his stress on the potential equal value of each life.

It is the life of each individual that determines how far the educative process has been successful. Equality of human worth demands equality of educational opportunity to develop potentialities....The worth of India's children to India is no less than that of the children of any other nation in the world to that nation.

Dr. Pal did well to stress the need of great improvement in teachers' pay and status to attract the right type of recruit. The present scale of pay is a disgrace. The Central Advisory Board of Education found the present position explicable "only on the assumption that the authorities responsible do not regard education as a service of any

real public importance."

Dr. Pal erected certain danger signals —against blind imitation of the English educational system; against education's playing the ugly rôle of safeguarding the stratification of society; against heeding the racialists' false claims.

Keep your gaze steadfast on the traditions of your country and these will breathe into your dry bones the breath of life which will help you to surmount all obstacles that human ingenuity may forge.

Worcester, Massachusetts, a manufacturing city of about 200,000 inhabitants, has been trying with considerable success to bring home to its citizens the meaning of One World. Fired by the idea that we have to know our neighbours to like them and to sympathise with them, David K. Harris, executive of the local radio station, enlisted wide co-operation for his "Worcester and the World" programme. Attention was focussed week by week for half a year on one country after another, not only in the radio programme but also in store decorations, in library exhibits and in newspaper feature articles. In the weekly forum a prominent representative of the country of the week, a representative of a New England University and a representative chosen from the public discussed the special problems of the country, and the discussion, held in a hotel lobby, was broadcast. The Mayor was the Honorary Chairman of the project and the flag of the country of the week waved over the City Hall.

This effort towards a united world, enthusiastically described by Jack Stenbuck in the *Magazine Digest* for June, has caught the imagination of other cities, and Chicago, Minneapolis and Des Moines are reported to be among those planning similar projects for understanding distant neighbours. Of course a lop-sided world is the best that can be built in time of war. Could even Christ then preach "Love your enemies" and stay outside the concentration camp? But even with the gaps imposed by public policy the "Worcester and the World" programme deserves high praise. It has demonstrated once again that one man with a vision and with energy to translate it into fact is worth more than the passive millions, who wring their hands over the world's sad state but wait for time and nature to effect a cure.

The Saturday Review of Literature (19th May) contains an appeal "Books as Bridges" from Mr. Winant, Ambassador of the U. S. A. at London, for increasing the circulation of books. Not only new books and new authors should be encouraged but reprints of old ones should be increased. "Are a million copies of Shakespeare or Dickens or Whitman too many? The question is meaningless." Education is the best investment for any nation, even in waging a war, and Mr. Winant's question can have but one answer:

And is there not probably a relation between the extraordinary resistance of Russia and the extraordinary efforts recently made to teach the whole nation to read, and thus to find in the record of its past new fuel for national strength and pride?

Much has been said about the valour of the Indian army which has also been described as "mercenary." Whatever its actual exploits and its real weaknesses, one thing cannot but be true. Lack of education in the modern sense of the term in masses of its soldiers must have affected its efficiency and

hindered its achievements. Much store is set by the hope that returning soldiers with new experiences abroad will help build a new India; that hope was there in some of the Indian leaders of 1914-1918 who expected reform in our social order to creep in with Sikhs and Marathas and others returning from Flanders or France. Those high hopes were not realized. It will not be a matter of surprise if a similar experience awaits the Indian public when demobilization is completed—let us hope it will be soon. The problem of educating the men of guns and machines to be true, gentle and unselfish in field or factory will still remain. Army discipline may inject some order and some tidiness, but it also evolves the tendency to await orders; it may develop some *esprit de corps* which medal has its reverse—cliquism. No, the army cannot cultivate the higher character; only right education does. And so Mr. Winant is right—

> We have a lot of thinking to do together, a lot of plans and criticisms of plans to exchange among each other, if we are to find our way out of the maze of wars and misunderstandings through which man has wandered for five millenniums. How are we to do this essential work if we cannot exchange books in large numbers ?

Rightly therefore he desires " to relax restrictions on the paper and the labour needed by the publishing trade," and adds:—

> We of the United Nations, who are trying to feel our way toward a wiser and more brotherly relationship among peoples, have a right to feel impatient for the day when we may again have a wide and free circulation of books.

Now, there is an aspect of this problem of books and adult education in India which is sometimes overlooked. Cheap reprints in original English (including translations from other European tongues) and their reliable translations in Indian languages need to be popularized. Readers of books are potential teachers and even through conversation they can pass on information, arouse interest and help on general awakening. Mr. Winant has some definite suggestions to offer to British and American publishers, but his article though not written for them ought to arouse the thoughtful among the enterprising publishers of India.

The clash between democratic creed and practice in the U. S. A., analysed by Mr. Edwin R. Embree, President of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, is a close-up of a problem of world-wide import. His " Balance Sheet in Race Relations " has depressing entries on the debit side —galling discrimination in educational opportunities and in service; prejudice flaring up in outbreaks against minority groups in many cities; violent resistance of Negro advance in the employment field and in housing; hate strikes, rioting, murder. No wonder that " a little coloured girl asked to name fitting punishment for Hitler, said, ' Make him black and make him live in America. ' "

And yet the balance-sheet shows a tremendous net gain for democracy in the war years. Negro employment opportunities are wider than ever before; the attitude of the unions against discrimination is a long step in advance; some progress is reported in the provision of decent living quarters. Supreme Court decisions have smoothed the Negroes' path to the polls and to jury service in the South. Negro and white officers are trained together. More white schools are admitting Negroes

and the number of Negro teachers, policemen and postmen is increasing. The Federal Council of Churches and a few denominational groups also are awake to the need of change, though the fact remains that

> the Church, in spite of the central Christian doctrine of brotherhood, has almost universally continued to practise physical and spiritual segregation.

Some of the leading magazines and newspapers, even in the South, are championing fairness and appreciation of minorities and it is encouraging that several notorious race-baiters who ran for office have lost out at the polls. Right-thinking people everywhere will echo Mr. Embree's closing plea, for

> building Negroes, with all other citizens... into a common culture, which will be enriched by the wisdom and ingenuity of this race as it has been by their art and music; into a common social and political order, which may then become a true democracy.

It is beyond doubt of the first importance that human beings should assume responsibility for the government under which they live. Authority, as Mr. Herring writes editorially in the May *Life and Letters To-day*,

> is, or should be, only the collective outer expression of man's inner self-government. Men who cannot govern themselves cannot be governed. They can only be goaded, gridironed, Gestapoed.

Refusing to be responsible to oneself for oneself and handing oneself over to Authority, as the people of Germany did, without questioning whether it is right or wrong, makes that authorit he declares, a collection of "non-selv ...an inflation of nothing," to ultimately undermined by the ve flaccidity of its components.

> Elsewhere, according to the degree civilisation reached, a State lives precis according to its recognition of man's grad growth of soul.

Motive *is* the important thin "Moonshine is reflected light—actio Sun is direct—motive." True. Do trines that deny brotherhood, like t "inferior race" concept—not peculi to the Nazis—do ultimately lead horrors. Such subversive doctrin require no delving into the subconscio to discover and abjure. People d too long close their minds to atroci reports, prompted by "a determinatio not to be taken in," which speak volumes for the distrust that prop ganda has earned for itself. It is qui true that "to refuse to accept lies not the same as to achieve truth" an as Mr. Herring well puts it, "truth, a public commodity, is still in sho supply." It is undeniable also tha we enter peace "not as a triumph bu as a test" for which we are "psy chologically unprepared." But wisdo in prescribing does not always go wit diagnostic skill. Psycho-analysis, whic Mr. Herring advocates, is not the solu tion. "Let sleeping dogs lie." Th pool is roiled by stirring of the mudd depths; left to itself the sediment wi settle, leaving the water clear. Psycho analysis stirs up old, sorry, well-fo gotten things in the sub-normal mind

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